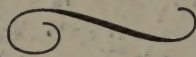


ABHS



JUNE 1949

*Success
to the
Class of 1949*



London Clothing Corporation

984 MAIN STREET

BROCKTON

Telephone Brockton 1074

CITY PARKING AREA

QUINCY

Telephone Mayflower 9-31111

THE ABHIS

VOL. XXVII

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ABHIS STAFF FOR 1948 - 1949

Editor-in-Chief—Barbara Moriarty

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Fay Burns Paula McKeown

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Typing—Mrs. Carolyn Ferguson

Art—Miss Dorothy Wallace

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EDWARD H. SNYDER, JR.

We, the seniors of Abington High School, pause for a time in our commencement exercises, in memory of our classmate, Edward H. Snyder, Jr. At all times a gentleman, Eddie was quiet, friendly, courteous, and unassuming. To Eddie, who was loved by all who knew him, this issue of the Abhis is most respectfully dedicated.

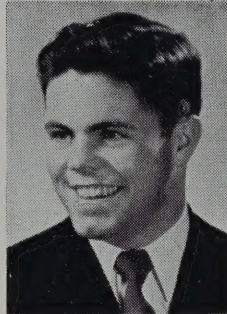
"He seems so near, and yet so far."

TENNYSON, "In Memoriam"

Class of 1949

EDWARD FRANCIS DONNELLY "Ed"

Play Football for Holy Cross

*"He is not of an age but for all time."*Class Play 4; Student Council 3, 4;
Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 2, 3,
4; Abhis 3, 4.

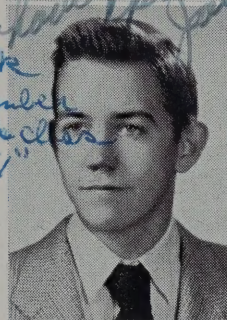
JACQUELYN MacKENZIE "Jackie"

Nurse

*"Never changing, always pleasing"*Basketball 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader 2, 3, 4;
Science Club 1, 2, 3; Class Secretary 4;
Class President 1.

CARL G. ATWOOD

Contractor

*"Better late than never."*Football manager 3, 4; Basketball Man-
ager 1, 2, 3.

ROBERT JOHN BIRKENMOSE "Bob"

Actor

*"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all worth."*Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 4; Class
Play 4; Track 4.

WILLIAM FRANCIS EDSON "Bill"

Athletic Director

*"A man who blushes is not quite a beast."*Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3,
4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Class
Vice-President 4.

THOMAS EDWARD STRANGE "Tom"

Millionaire

*"Men of few words are the best men."*B. A. A. 1, 2; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Stu-
dent Council 2, 4; Class Vice-Pres. 2;
Class Treasurer 3, 4.

NANETTE PATRICIA ATWOOD

"Nancy"

Medical Secretary

*"Sugar and spice and all things nice."*Science Club 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 3,
4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; National Honor
Society 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Class Sec-
retary and Treasurer 3.

BARBARA ANN BLAKE

"Barb"

Nurse

*"She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with."*Basketball 2, 3, 4; Abhis Staff 3, 4;
Science Club 1, 2, 3; Class Play 4;
Honor Society 4; Business Mgr. 4.*To the best future
Abhis worker! Have
fun. Barb.**Best of Luck
Ed**Best wishes
Bill Edson**Best of Luck
Tom**Best of Luck
to a member
of the class
of '51**Carl**The girl
who looks so pretty
to herself*
Bob

PAUL BLAKE

"Blakie"

Wild Life Mgr.

"All things come to him who waits."

Bank 4; Football Mgr. 1, 4; Basketball 1.

ARTHUR VERNON BLANCHARD, Jr.
"Art"

Owner of a '49 Buick

"A rolling Stone gathers no moss."

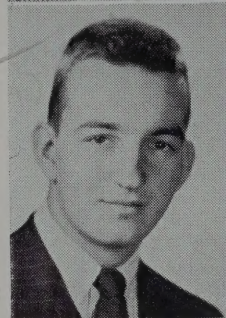
Football 2, 3; Science Club 2.

EARL FORREST BLOCK, Jr. "Hoss"

Business Man

"This man wins friends without half trying."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Class Vice-President 1; Class Play 4; B. A. A. 1, 2.



BARBARA ANNE BOEHNER

"Beansie"

Phys. Ed. Teacher

"And the merry love to dance."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Abhis 3, 4; Class Play 4; Glee Club 1, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

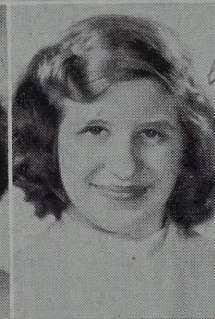
ALFREDA BRETT

"Freda"

Secretary

"A good heart's worth gold."

Glee Club 1, 2; Library Club 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4.



RAE FRANCES BROWN

Retailing

"High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

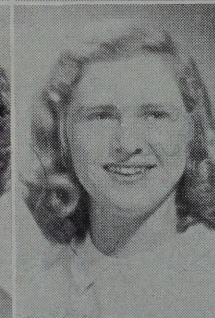
Girls' Glee Club 1; Library Club 3; Home Ec. Club 2; Abhis Staff 4.

FAY MARLENE BURNS

Lab. Technician

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



NATALIE LOU BURRILL

"Nat"

Movie Star

"Life is not life at all without delight."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Art Club 3, 4; Cheerleader 4; Class Play 4.

CATHERINE CAPLICE

"Cathy"

Millionaire's Wife

"I know what I like"

Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Band 1; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



ARVID CORNELEUISSSEN

"Con"

"What wondrous life is this I lead!"

Track 4; B. A. A. 2, 3.

Cathy to a small sophomore

ANN CROWLEY

"Annie"

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

Science Club 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Beaver Staff 4; Class Play 4.



MERILYN LOUISE CURTIS "Merry"

Commercial Artist

"The mirror of all courtesy."

Science Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

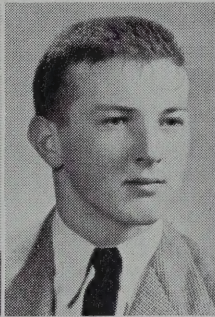
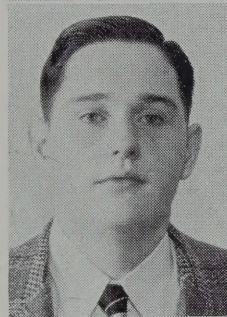
CHARLES WILLIAM DARLING

"Charlie"

Radio Announcer

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

Stamp Club 1.



JOHN FRANCIS DEVLIN "Johnny"

Coast Guard

"I heard of this man, and good words went with him."

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Track 3, 4.

JOAN MARGARET DOHERTY

"Joannie"

Teacher

"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force."

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Head Majorette 3, 4; President 4; Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Vice-Pres. 3; Secretary 4; Student Council 2, 3; Vice-Pres. 4; Class Play 4; Glee Club 3, 4.



BARBARA DONOVAN

Nurse

"Life without laughter is a dreary blank"

Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-Pres. 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Class Play 4; Beaver Staff 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

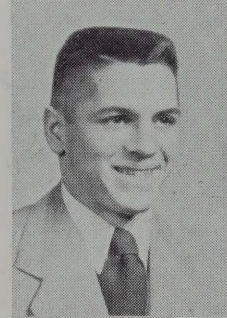
WILLIAM ANDREW DUHAINE

"Bull"

Rich Man

"Ah, why should life all labor be?"

Football 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Class Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 2.



JEAN ELIZABETH FIASCETTI

Dental Secretary

"And what she greatly thought, she nobly dared."

Girls' Glee Club 1, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Treas. 4; Typing Club 1; Class Play 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3.

JOHN JOSEPH GILMARTIN

"Jack"

Owner of New England Farm

"Can we ever have too much of a good thing?"

Football 4; Class Play 4.



LOIS CATHRYN GNONG

"Lo"

Novelist

"The pen is the tongue of the mind."

Abhis 2, 3, 4; Lit. Ed. 4; Science Club 2, 3; Class Play 4; Dramatic Club 4; Honor Society 4.

Best of luck always

Best of luck John

Kathleen Best of everything Barb

Good luck to a sweet little actress Jean

Best of luck Jack

Love kisses to my favorite underclassman Lois

JEAN MANCHESTER GRIFFIN "Griff"

College Graduate

"If a task is once begun, never leave it till it's done."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Vice-Pres. 4; Abhis Staff 3, 4; Class Play 4; Home Room Pres. 4.



WILLIAM RONALD HOLGERSON

"Hogie"

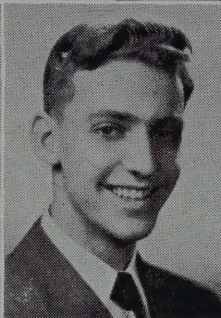
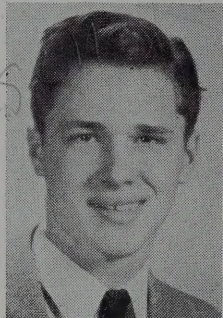
"For what I will, I will and there an end."

Class Secretary 1, 3.

RICHARD KRISTIANSEN

"Dick"

Heating Engineer

"Live and let live."

ROY ALAN LINCOLN

"Link"

C. P. A.

"When I think, I must speak."

Science Club 2; Glee Club 1.

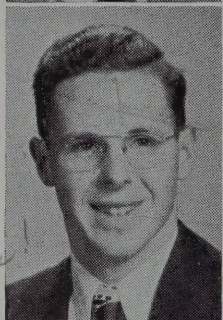
JAMES FRANCIS LYNCH

"Jim"

Musician

"Silence more musical than any songs"

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1.



MARGARET ANN LYNCH

"Peggy"

Med. Secretary

"Red as a rose is she."

Abhis 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 3, 4; Vice-Pres. 4; Girls' Basketball, Mgr. 4; Class Play 4; Library Club 2, 3.

ANN KATHLEEN MacGOWN

"MacGoon"

Nurse

"Holy, wise, and fair is she."

Band 2, 3, 4; Sec. and Treas. 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



CONSTANCE HOYT MacPHELEMY

"Connie"

Dress Maker

"I would help others out of a fellow feeling."

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3; Library Club 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

BARBARA ANN MORIARTY

"Moe"

Journalist

"The power of thought—the magic of the mind."

Cheerleader 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3; Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Abhis 2, 3, 4; Editor 4; Class Treasurer 2.



MARY ROSENIA MURRAY

"May"

Secretary

"Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Home Ec. Club 2; Science Club 1; Art Club 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

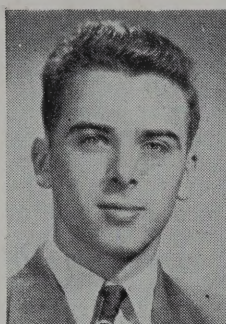
*Best of Luck
"Don"*

DONALD A. PORTER "Don"

Business Executive

"What a bore life is!"

Football 4; Glee Club 1; B. A. A. 1, 2.



H. LOUISE PORTER

"Lou"

Photographer

"To be short is no disgrace,
only inconvenient."

Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2,
3, 4; Library Club 3; Science Club 1;
G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

*Best of Luck
Louise
1949*

*Best of Luck, always
Barb
1949*

BARBARA PRATT "Barb"

Lab. Technician

"All I ask is to be let alone."

Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2,
3.



MYRTLE LORRAINE RANSOM

"Myrt"

Nurse

"Of surpassing beauty and in
the bloom of youth."

Glee Club 1, 2; Home Ec. Club 2, 3;
G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

*Best of Luck years on
Broadway*

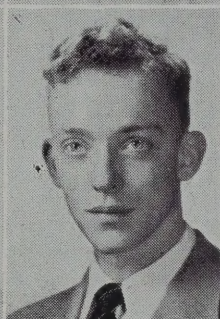
*Best of Luck!
my competitor!*

JACQUELINE MARY RICH "Jackie"

Professional Singer

"Fair words never hurt the tongue."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1;
G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Operetta 4; Class Play
4; Publicity Mgr.



GEORGE ERNEST ROBERTSON

"Sugar"

Wise and Wealthy

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

Student Council 1, 2, 4; Honor So-
ciety 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4;
Pres. 4; Vice-Pres. 3; Class Play 4;
Baseball 1, 2, 4.

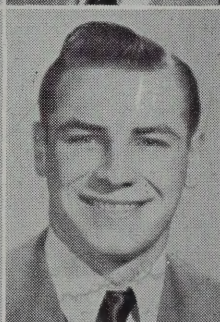
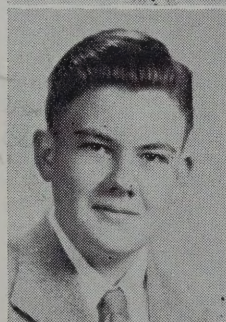
*Best of Luck
George*

RICHARD KING ROBINSON "Richie"

Archaeologist

"The good and wise live quiet lives."

Science Club 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 3;
Asst. Mgr. Football Team 3; Stage Mgr.
Class Play 4.



HENRY STEERS ROBOLIM

"Bucky"

Accountant

"His bark is worse than his bite."

Football 4; Baseball 4; Class Play 4;
Science Club 2, 3.

*Best of Luck
to a cute little
actress
Bucky*

*Best of Luck to a
sweet actress
Bridget*

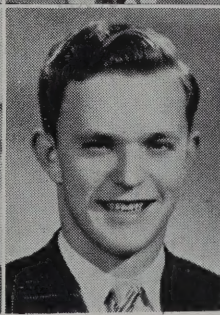
BRIDGET LORRETTA ANN RUMKA

"Brigadoon"

Congresswoman

"Speech is the mirror of the soul."

Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Pres. 4; Science
Club 2, 3, 4; Treas. 3; Abhis 3, 4;
Honor Society 4; Class Play 4.



PAUL ERNEST SANDERSON "Sandy"

Chef

"I am sure that care's an enemy to life"

Football 2, 4; Track 2, 4; Basketball 2;
B. A. A. 1, 2.

SALLY SANDERSON

"Sal"

Teacher

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Capt. 3, 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3; Vice-Pres. 3; Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Sec. 3, 4.



GWENDOLYN MARGOT SCHOFIELD

"Gwenn"

Hairdresser

"Solitude is sometimes best society."

Girls' Glee Club 1, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Home Ec. Club 2; Science Club 1; Vice-Pres. 1; Library Club 3.

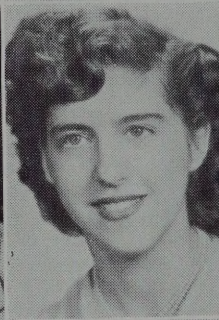
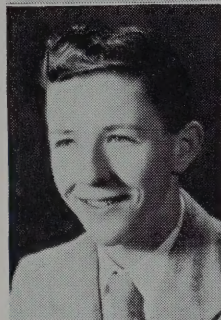
WALTER SULLIVAN

"Sully"

Marine Officer

"What I do not know I do not think I know."

Football 4; Baseball 4.



LUELLA PORTOR TAYLOR "Lu-Lu"

Secretary

"Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character."

Library Club 3.

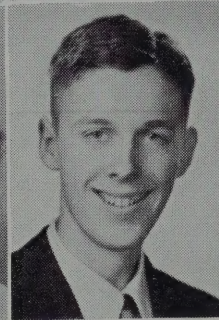
BARBARA ANN THAYER

"Barb"

Secretary

"We suffer less from pain than from pleasure."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Library Club 2, 3; Home Ec. 2; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.



RALPH ELLSWORTH TILLSON

"Speed"

Forester

"He is of a melancholy disposition."

Cooking 4; Assistant Janitor 3.

MAUREEN LOUISE TOBIN "Rocks"

Teacher

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers"

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treas. 2; Abhis Staff 3, 4; Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Pres. 4; Class Play 4.



ALICE ANN UNGETHUEM "Ungie"

College Graduate

"Young in limbs, in judgment old"

Library Club 3; Abhis Staff 4; French Club (Plymouth High) 2; Home Room Treas. 4.

PAULINE ALICE WALLENT "Polly"

Advertising Executive

"Life is long if it is full"

Abhis Staff 4; Girls' Basketball 4; Art Club 2, 3, 4; Pres. 3, 4; Girl's Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Library Club 3; Pres. 3.



CHARLES WARD

"Charlie"

"Labor is the law of happiness"

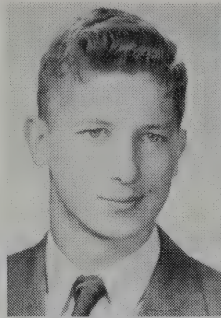
Football 2, 4.

KENNETH OSCAR WESTBERG "Ken"

Farmer

"An easy-minded soul and always was"

Football 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Strawberry Valley Teen Timers 4; Treas. 4.



LOUISE ALICE WHEATON "Lou"

Medical Secretary

"It is better to guard speech than it is to guard wealth."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Library Club 3; Treas. 3; G. A. A. 2; East Bridgewater Class Sec. 1; Honor Society 4.



NANCY LOIS WINSOR "Nan"

Teacher

"The pleasure which is life itself."

Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Club 3, 4; Vice-Pres. 3; Dramatic Club 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Library Club 4.

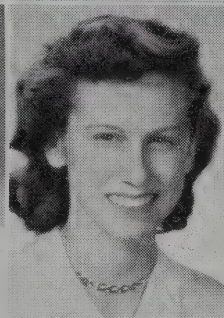


EDNA MARILYN WOLFE "Ed"

Executive Secretary

"They are rich that have true friends."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Home Ec. 1, 2; Library Club 1; Typing Club 2.



FLORENCE BEATRICE WOOD

"Flossie"

To Be Happy

"My heart is true as steel"

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Home Ec. Club 1, 2; Art Club 1; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Abhis Typist 4.



ANNA PRISCILLA WOODS "Ann"

Dentist

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords"

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Library Club 4.



ROBERT GEORGE DAVENPORT

"Bob"

Professional Football Player

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

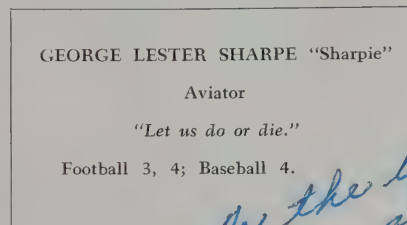
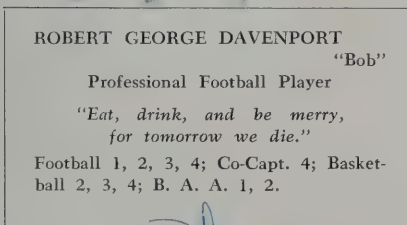
Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Capt. 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2.

GEORGE LESTER SHARPE "Sharpie"

Aviator

"Let us do or die."

Football 3, 4; Baseball 4.



Bob Davenport

In the best actress at G.H.S. Best of Luck "Sharpie"

CLASS STATISTICS



Most Musical — Barbara Boehner, James Lynch
Best Mathematician — Maureen Tobin, Roy Lincoln
Best Historian — Fay Burns, William Duhaine
Best Scientist — Jean Griffin, George Robertson
Best Orator — Alice Ungethuem, George Robertson
Best Citizen — Joan Doherty, Edward Donnelly
Best All-Around — Jacquelyn MacKenzie, Edward Donnelly
Best Physique — Gwen Schofield, Paul Sanderson
Best Athlete — Sally Sanderson, William Edson
Best Natured — Barbara Blake, William Duhaine
Best Dancer — Barbara Thayer, Paul Sanderson
Most Respected — Joan Doherty, Thomas Strange
Most Popular — Jacquelyn MacKenzie, Edward Donnelly
Best Looking — Jacquelyn MacKenzie, Thomas Strange
Most Sincere — Bridget Rumka, John Devlin
Most Typical School Boy and Girl — Barbara Blake, Earl Block
Most Retiring — Anna Woods, Carl Atwood
Most Popular with Teachers — Joan Doherty, John Devlin
Most Helpful to Class and School — Maureen Tobin, John Devlin
Most Loyal to Class and School — Barbara Moriarty, Ralph Tillson
Most Considerate of Others — Ann MacGown, Earl Block
Most Dignified — Edna Wolfe, Richard Robinson
Best Actress (Actor) — Barbara Boehner, Robert Birkemose
Most Obliging — Nancy Atwood, John Gilmartin
Most Friendly — Jacquelyn MacKenzie, Earl Block
Great Socialite — Barbara Thayer, Paul Sanderson
Most Refined — Joan Doherty, Ronald Holgerson
Most Industrious — Fay Burns, George Robertson
Wittiest — Barbara Donovan, Robert Birkemose
Most Practical — Lois Giong, George Robertson
Best Conversationalist — Bridget Rumka, Earl Block
Best-Mannered — Margaret Lynch, Richard Kristianson
Most Conscientious — Louise Wheaton, George Robertson
Neatest — Peggy Lynch, George Sharpe
Most Cheerful — Jacquelyn Rich, Kenneth Westerberg
Best Artist — Natalie Burrill, Walter Sullivan
Most Likely to Succeed — Barbara Moriarty, George Robertson

CLASS SONG



Memories of school days,
 Little things I'll treasure deep,
 When we're gone,
 I know we'll say:

Years pass away so quickly—
 Seems like yesterday.
 Wish I could bring
 Every little thing,
 Back in my memory.

If there be days tomorrow,
 When skies are not quite as clear,
 We'll then recall each happy day
 We have spent with you.

What holds tomorrow —
 Which road to follow.
 We'll find the path
 If we try.

Now that it's time for parting,
 We know what friendships mean.
 We'll say goodbye
 To teachers and classmates true.

Words and music by JAMES LYNCH

Literary

OUR AMERICAN IDEAL

"So, then to every man his chance. To every man, regardless of his birth, his shining, golden opportunity — the right to live, to work, to be himself and to become whatever thing his vision and his manhood can combine to make him. This, seeker, is the promise of America!" Thomas Wolfe, one of our most eminent writers, wrote the preceding lines. In them, he has summed up the ideals on which America was built, the ideals for which our forefathers fought and died, and for which our generation is still fighting. We are not now engaged in open combat; we are however, fighting for our ideals in an intelligent way, through the United Nations.

The United Nations does not, however, delve into our internal problems. No doubt someone may ask, "What problems have we?" To answer that, let us watch some of our fellow countrymen. Here we see a Negro applying for a position in a respected business firm. He is immediately turned down. Is this the opportunity about which Thomas Wolfe wrote? Here we see a person trying to buy a vacant house in an influential neighborhood. The house is not available to him. He is a Jew. Is this the promise of which Thomas Wolfe wrote? Again we see a capable man running for public office. He loses the election to a less able man. The former's religion is not the same as that of the majority of the town's faith. Is this the right to fulfill one's ambition, about which Thomas Wolfe wrote? No, one must admit that equal opportunity is still not open to all.

In his Baccalaureate address to the Harvard graduating class of 1948, Dr. Conant said that the basic faith of our country is "our firm belief in a diversity." If we are to live up to that high standard, we cannot afford to belittle another because of his race or his creed.

Dr. Conant also stated that "to lead our troubled world, we must have national unity and a high morale." How can we have national unity when many know that they are treated unjustly by their countrymen? How can we expect those same people to work in order to preserve non-existent ideals?

Our national morale is also lowered when people feel down-trodden. Our national spirit ceases to thrive when some citizens feel that they cannot advance because of their race or their creed.

Color, Religion, Nationality! Yes, we hear those words repeated over and over again. Why should they enter our conversations and our minds so frequently? These factors loom up in our lives only because we establish them there. Unconsciously, many people have acquired the habit of associating these qualities with other people whom they meet.

What difference does it make? Fundamentally, we believe that we are all created equal. By common intelligence, therefore, we cannot adhere to that article of faith and at the same time judge people on the grounds of the conditions into which they were born.

We can be thankful, however, that many Americans are now realizing the grave injustices toward race and creed that are sweeping our country. The object now is to correct these injustices, for if they be allowed to grow as they are now growing our nation will eventually cease to be the original democratic America that it has given promise of being. Although that is a drastic statement, it will inevitably materialize if we do not check the growth of intolerance in our country.

Thorough examination proves that intolerance has no sound basis. Although one person's skin may be of a different color from that of another, their internal structures are identical. It has been proved by Army tests given during the war that the white men are not more intelligent than men of a different skin color. As for religion, let us remember the basic principle on which our land was settled — freedom of worship.

If every American will only resolve to look upon his associates as his equal, no matter what his associates may believe or to what race they may belong, if every American will resolve to deal with every other American in a fair, open-minded way, our nation will rise out of its bed of intolerance to greet the world as a land in which prejudice is unknown. With this in mind, let us endeavor to obliterate all intolerance toward everyone, no matter what his customs may be, into what race he may have been born, or in what faith he may believe.

BARBARA MORIARTY, '49

CALM AND CHAOS

Chortled laughing, clattering noises, and all-over confusion combine to whip this human mass of urchins into a hurricane of chaotic anticipation.

All enter, some clinging to one another's hand, others skipping, and a few timidly fearful, but all intent on finding the best vantage point. This spot finally chosen, chubby little hands seek to explore the recesses of their candy bags before the appointed hour of commencement arrives.

Then, with the flickering and fading of all illumination, accompanied by several final screams of childish delight, the hubbub subsides. Tiny, tense faces gaze eagerly, and moments of amazement, fear, and gaiety pass over these visages as their eyes focus themselves in one direction. These adolescent minds seem numbed to insensibility toward their immediate surroundings, as each seems to change form

and feature, to dwell in chaps and Stetsons, or become clothed in the beaded raiment of an Indian princess.

As bright eyes round into ovals of amazement little hands grip each other more tenaciously, and rosy cheeks whiten with increasing repugnant circumstances. A mournful wail ensues from a tow-headed girl of five, but as quickly as the cries ascend the scene changes, and hilarious laughter replaces the spell of sadness. A few loud catcalls sound, but the source of this bedlam halts when a beam of a brilliant light filters toward them like a beckoning finger.

Now illumination once again manifests itself, and concurrently the screaming and fighting mass of urchins race to be free. Each is intent upon reaching the exit first, and with this desire fulfilled, some halt a moment to place a cap rakishly on their heads or to mitten a tiny fist before evanescent into the darkening world, as a few pangs of nostalgia propel them homeward.

These or similar signs of emotion may be witnessed anywhere that a Walt Disney production is being shown on a Saturday afternoon.

LOIS GNONG, '49

SUBWAY SKETCH

Seen while riding on a subway: a fourteen-year-old girl in all glory traveling alone for the first time; an ambitious college boy overloaded with books attempting to study midst the babbling voices; an old woman talking to herself; a tired nurse trying to keep three rowdy children under her wing; a negress with a brilliant green beret and pearl earrings proudly occupying one of the front seats; two teen-agers in traditional bobby-socks discussing the latest modes; a young career woman, pert and pretty, dressed in the smartest sports clothes; a bald-headed financier apparently just entering his fifties; an old man who has forgotten his glasses laboriously attempting to read a discarded newspaper; three fashionable matrons with a concerned look about everything around them; a gum-chewing blonde of forty with the world at her feet; a pig-tailed youngster with staring eyes and open mouth taking in all the wonders about her; a telegraph boy, seemingly urging the car forward; a prepared bank clerk with an umbrella on one arm and a brief case on the other.

A subway car, like all other subway cars, carrying all kinds of people, to an fro, from home to office, and back again.

The scene continues for a few moments more. All the faces are natural, then grey with a passing current in the electricity, then natural. The monotony of the lurching car embraces each individual centered in his own thoughts — thoughts of hap-

piness, anxiety, romance, business, cruelty, and failure.

At last the car and its inhabitants leave the dark tunnel and are enveloped once more in the lighted day. A station looms in sight, the door yawns open, the mass rushes forward — all are gone.

JEAN GRIFFIN, '49

WHAT KIND OF FUTURE HAS TELEVISION?

Today in the surrounding towns and cities of greater Boston, there are forty-thousand television sets. Although this is a surprising number, it is well to consider that in the middle west many cities have no sets. It is, however, safe to say that television is here to stay. There are the know-it-alls, however, who claim that television will never last, because the radio and movie business will not permit television to over-shadow them.

Already two top-flight performers, Arthur Godfrey and Milton Berle, are devoting all their talent to television. It is also evident in the classroom, when a student recites a fact he has learned by watching the television, that education will be furthered greatly by television. Sports lovers can tune in any night of the week and see either Ted Williams playing at Fenway Park or Barbara Ann Scott skating in Montreal, Canada. To observe holidays such as Christmas, Easter, St. Patrick's day, and Armistice day there are special programs put on for the enjoyment of the people.

Yes, television has come in all its glory.

KATHLEEN REARDON, '51

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN — ITS BASIS IN UNITED STATES DEMOCRACY

We who are Americans, living in a democracy, seldom pause to analyze why our form of government is the finest in the world.

Many factors are necessary to set the intricate machinery of government in motion. Foremost of these are leaders, men who place the welfare of their countrymen above their own personal desires. Next, the form of government must be one which will work for the people and with the people. Such a government is ours today. Yet these two factors in themselves were not sufficient to establish and maintain the great democratic government which exists in the United States. The most important factor has yet to be mentioned — the brotherhood of man, the very essence of democracy. No government, regardless of the greatness of its leaders or

the firmness of its foundation, can long survive and prosper, unless within the hearts of the people there exists a love of one another. Prejudice has been the downfall of many a nation; prejudice, like a malignant growth eats away the soul of a nation, destroying right, reason and tolerance, destroying the basis of democracy. No country can remain united without the mutual love and respect of its people. Prejudice can destroy a country far more rapidly from within than can a tangible enemy from without.

America is often called the "melting pot of the world." Into every phase of our great government have gone the labor and sacrifice of people of every nation, people all striving toward the same goal, people of seventy-eight different nationalities and forty-nine different tongues, united in the cause of freedom. Our government was established in the belief that God did not create one individual superior to his fellowmen.

In what other country except the United States could a poor back-woodsman rise from the depths of the wilderness to the office of president of the United States? Yet, had Abraham Lincoln not become president, our great country might today stand weak and divided. At his time in history the United States faced the supreme test. The unity of the government was at stake. The plight of the country was expressed in Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address when he said, "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." Our country passed this test successfully and remained united under one democratic government. Lincoln had rekindled the torch of liberty, but he also did something more: he proved to the nation and to the world that brotherhood is essential in a country if the principles of freedom and democracy are to be preserved.

Since the Civil War it has been necessary to defend our democratic way of government in two great World Wars. On both occasions the unity and brotherhood of the people, fighting for a freedom which they cherish more than life itself, has enabled the United States to emerge triumphant. Throughout the history of our country, whenever trouble has threatened, the people, people of every race, color, and creed, have united under one great banner — the banner of democracy.

One has only to turn back the pages of history to see the magnificent empires of the past which rose to majestic heights, only to crumble into nothingness, a shadow of their former selves. They lacked the one essential quality — brotherhood of man. In our own day we have seen a nation whose people claimed to be the super-race. They realized too late that no one race is superior.

It is the contributions of many races that have established our form of government. No one is excluded from participating in our government affairs because he is a Negro, a Catholic or a Jew. Many nationalities from whence our nation sprang are now merged under one title — Americans. Every baby boy born in this country is a potential president whether he be born into wealth or poverty. Some of the great leaders of our country were once poor farm boys with little education. Andrew Jackson was the son of an Irish immigrant. Abraham Lincoln was born in a little log cabin in Kentucky. Ulysses S. Grant was the son of a farmer. Wealth, class, and nobility are unimportant in a democratic nation. The qualities necessary are faith in one's fellowmen, an honest desire to serve one's country, and faith in God.

In the Preamble of the Constitution of the United States the ideal of the great unity and brotherhood which existed when this document was written and which exists today is simply and finely stated: "We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and insure the Blessings of Liberty, to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Never before in the history of the world has such a young nation as the United States risen so rapidly to supremacy in world affairs. This amazing ascent can be attributed to the fundamental ideals upon which our government is built. We are a proud example to the restless, struggling world. Our government clearly demonstrates the importance of the brotherhood of man. We humbly pray, that with the help of God, "the government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

ANN MACGOWN, '49

Note: As has been its custom for several years, The London Clothing Company awarded to members of the class of '49 prizes for the four best essays on a designated subject. Those receiving awards were: Ann MacGown, \$50.; Jacqueline Rich, \$25; Bridget Rumka, \$15; and Maureen Tobin, \$10.

MY PART IN AMERICA'S FUTURE

A frequently expressed opinion is one to the effect that our lives are planned for us by the Almighty. While to a certain extent such a belief may be true I am also fully convinced that each and every person has within himself the power to mold his own destiny.

Each year millions of young people are graduating from colleges and universities throughout the United States and the other countries of the world. These students presumably spent the past several years studying the subjects which would, they thought, enable them to qualify for a selected profession in the future.

Not all men are endowed with the ability to become leaders, but each one of us, even though it be in only a small way, can, if he so desires, have a definite part in the future of our country. Some individuals will show preferences for political careers; some will excel in the fields of science; a selected few will perform miracles in the medical realm; others will astound the literary world with their writings.

What shall be my part in the future of the world at large and of my country, in particular? I can only endeavor to do my best toward all mankind.

In this respect, there are three separate fields in which I shall try to participate. The first category is that of Laboratory Technician. While I know that my part in this widely diversified field may be small, yet the incentive is prevalent for me to do all that I can toward helping to solve some of the numerous problems of health. A tremendous amount of study and research is constantly going on in all branches of medicine, and I should like to feel that I, too, may be able to contribute something that may save the life of a fellow man.

If our country is to be wisely and efficiently governed, she must be a healthy country. In the time of distress and war, the nation with the healthiest men will be the strongest and the best prepared. A healthy nation is a happy one, and capable of great things such as inventions, research, literary writings, and many other feats which will heighten our standards of living.

From a scientific point of view, research on such dread diseases as leukemia, cancer, heart ailments, infantile paralysis, and arthritis will be extensively carried on. In these dread maladies there is still an urgent need for a vast amount of experimentation, and any task, however insignificant it may be, that I can perform toward helping people to become healthier and happier, is my foremost ambition.

My second aim is to be a loyal and active citizen in town affairs. While women, as yet, do not participate too actively in politics, it is quite evident that they are definitely becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that they too can play a prominent part in this field. There are many offices in the town government that can be capably held by wives and mothers.

My third endeavor will be that of trying to be a wise and understanding parent. I shall try to give my children a clear understanding of the essential elements of the American democratic way of life; to give them an understanding and appreci-

ation of the ethical and spiritual values, as well as the material benefits.

Every child should have a chance to learn how difficult it was for our forebears to establish freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, the right of habeas corpus, and the other American freedoms. He needs to know about our government — federal, state, and local.

A strong and free nation will always prevail, but a nation cannot be strong unless it is united in support of a common civic and social creed. The American creed is one of democracy and human liberty.

Such a creed is the fundamental objective of American education.

Once again I ask myself, What shall be my part in the future of the world and of my country? I know, however, that time alone will tell, and only steadfast determination and undying loyalty to my ideals will make possible a successful answer to this question.

FAY BURNS, '49

Note: For this essay the Veterans of Foreign Wars awarded to Fay Burns the first prize of \$10.

OLD TOM OF DIAMOND BUTTE

In the northwestern corner of Arizona, amid a maze of canyons, plateaus, and peaks rises Diamond Butte. On the face of this rugged and weather-worn butte was the lair of a large old male mountain lion that by his depredations among their sheep had won the general dislike of all the neighboring ranchers. They came to recognize him by the great size of his paw prints and named him Old Tom.

The ranchers finally put their heads together and decided to get a pack of dogs to hunt down Old Tom. One fine morning as the sun rose and bathed the peaks with a golden light, four riders and a pack of hounds set out for the pinon-covered



mesas. Two hours later, the horses trotted into the field where Old Tom had made his most recent raid. The dogs picked up his trail, but since the trail was cold, they made little progress with it. Suddenly the hounds began to bay, and bounded off in a westerly direction. Spurring their horses forward, the men discovered a fresh lion trail, and by the size of the tracks they knew that it must have been Old Tom who had passed that way.

By dint of recklessly galloping their horses wherever it was at all possible, the men managed to keep within earshot of the baying hounds. The trail led up toward the top of Diamond Butte. By this time the hounds were hot on the trail of the big lion. Finally the chase led up to the very top of the butte, where Old Tom was stopped by an almost perpendicular wall too high for him to jump. As he ran around, looking for a way to escape, the hounds came up and rushed at him. The big lion dealt out a few lightning blows with his claw-armed paws, and the dogs retired to a safer distance, leaving two of their number lying dead. Old Tom seized this opportunity to climb a cedar tree which grew out on a slant from the cliff. However, he soon heard the horses approaching, and as they presently came into view he ran farther up the tree. He noticed that he had climbed high enough so that the branch he was on was almost on a level with the flat top of the butte. He sprang to the edge of the cliff and bounded away amid a volley of bullets from the hunters rifles. One of the hunters scaled the cliff and hauled the dogs up to the top by means of a rope sling. The dogs set out again after Old Tom but the hunters decided to remain on top of the butte, from which they could observe all that was going on below them.

They stood entranced by the view that spread before them. All around lay plateaus, canyons, and low mesas, sparsely wooded with pinon and cedar. Far to the southeast, Mt. Trumbull, Mt. Logan and Mt. Emma lifted their peaks to the sky. In the sky above them an eagle majestically wheeled and soared.

Old Tom bounded across the top of the butte, dropped into the top of a tree on the other side, and with a mighty bound dropped into a pile of boulders that hid the entrance to his den. When the hounds came to the place from which the lion had jumped, all trace of the scent was gone. The hunters whistled to the dogs, and as the sun set they slowly rode back down the mountain side.

As the deep blue shadows lengthened and the cliffs changed to red and orange, Old Tom watched the hunters retreat from his domain. The clouds slowly changed to crimson and the blue of the sky deepened. One by one the stars came out, and the landscape was flooded with silver as the moon rose over Diamond Butte.

RICHARD ROBINSON, '49

SOMETHING TO LONG REMEMBER

Something I shall always remember is my trip to Aruba, Netherlands, West Indies. Aruba is a small island in the Caribbean Sea owned by the Dutch Government.

Since I had never been out of Massachusetts, it afforded me a thrill to be going to New York and then out of the country. We went to New York by train, passing through five states on the way. We stayed in New Jersey for a week.

Then came the day on which we were to sail. We went to Aruba on the Standard Oil Tanker, Esso Aruba. After seven days on the tanker we arrived in Aruba. We entered at the refinery dock, which is an unattractive part of the island. We were met by our relatives who took us to the American colony. On the way to the colony we passed through the village where the natives and Dutch people live. Their houses are of many different colors and combinations of colors. The business section of the village was very odd because of the structure of the stores and the methods employed by the merchants in their sale of goods. They carry many attractive souvenirs from many countries. Their restaurants are not very neat, but they serve all the familiar dishes.

The American Colony is the part of the island on which the employees of the Standard Oil Company live. It is a very beautiful colony. The houses are four, five, or six-room bungalows. The yards have many rare kinds of flowers and trees. The houses have patios, which are alcoves built onto the houses for parties and dancing. They are very appropriate, as the people go in for many parties and dances and therefore have a very full social life.

In the colony there are a commissary, a club with a soda bar, outdoor movies and a library; an undenominational church, an American school, and a hospital.

In many ways the school was quite different from Abington High school. The class rooms are all on one floor and the pupils walk from class to class on an arcade. All of the required subjects are taught except foreign languages, Spanish being the only foreign language taught. The teachers in the Aruba school are not as strict as the teachers in our Abington schools, except in English class, in which our teacher was strict and made us work hard. Our homework was passed in when we got around to it. During the year each class presents a class play and an assembly. In Aruba there are no gymnasiums and therefore no physical education classes, for it is too hot for anyone to indulge in the different sports we have here.

There are wonderful beaches in Aruba. The water is a very beautiful blue-green in some places and dark blue in others. The Caribbean Sea is noted for its beautiful water. The swimming is excellent.

After being away from good old North Abington,

I was very happy to be returning. The trip back was wonderful. It was warmer weather and better sailing. After a boat trip of seven days I arrived in New Jersey.

SALLY KIELY, '50

THE WINDS OF TIME

The early spring day was very quiet. I leaned, with my elbows on the railing, looking down the river from the bridge above. Willows, hanging perfectly still out over the water, lined both banks of the bend below, where limestone bluffs gleamed white in the steady sunshine. Above, in the deep sky, flat clouds hung motionless; below, the water reflected blue sky, fleecy clouds, and the light green of the willows.

As I watched, a slight wind played in the tops of the trees. Slowly it set their lower branches waving, and then passed on to the water, swinging the still reflection and at last breaking it into sparkling ripples. As it blew up the river the shining waters became troubled and disturbed, and the little waves beat angrily upon the sandy shores. The deep river was swollen from the last thaw followed by recent rains, bearing upon its face forgotten things, dead twigs and flower buds.

In much earlier days the hills and the valleys were alone; there were no chimneys to peer out of the tall woods. There had been a few cottages but they did not affect the river life itself, which belonged to the birds. No yachts rode then as they do today, and that stretch of placid water was calm and undisturbed.

The river had been little known, save for a few who had found shelter there, and they had found the place lonely and austere, a little frightening because of the silence. So the winding river had remained unvisited, the woods and the hills untrodden, and all the drowsy beauty that gave the river a strange enchantment, was unappreciated.

Today there are a great many voices to blunder in upon the silence. The pleasure boats come and go, yachtsmen are a frequent sight, and even the day tripper or hiker ploughs in and out amongst the shadows.

Suddenly I remembered the number of things I had to do. Just as the calm of the waters had changed, the pace of civilization had been quickened. Why could I not stay longer at the bridge drinking in this tranquil beauty?

The winds were again blowing down the river. You could not stop the winds and you could not stop time. It went on and on — and on, you — couldn't — stop — time —.

PATRICIA GAFNEY, '50

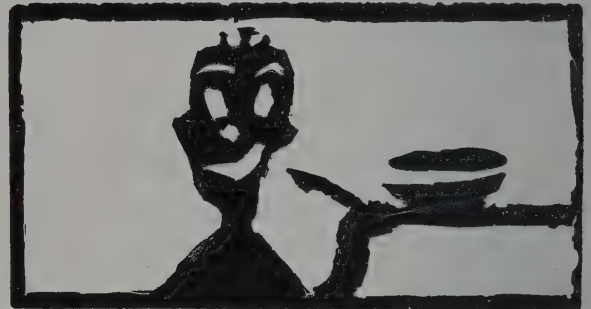
THE BOYS' COOKING CLASS

This year, after a five-year lapse, a boys' cooking class was organized. This class of twelve junior and senior boys, has become one of the most popular classes in the school.

The boys prepare many different foods. Often, the students who buy the main dish in the cafeteria are honored by having on their trays some product of the boys' cooking class.

Most of the food prepared by the class is comparable to that prepared by master chefs, and then some are — well, we don't talk about those. Although the boys generally follow a set pattern of food preparation, they are allowed to test their own recipes or prepare meals to their own liking.

Some of the boys are planning to take up cooking after their graduation from high school, while others are just learning the fundamentals of cooking. In married life, these boys will not have to wait for a wife, late from a bridge party, or open a can of beans for supper. They will be able to



delve into the intricacies of preparing a delicious meal that will outshine the little woman's.

Lack of facilities prevents the class from having a larger enrollment, and the boys who get into the home economics class should consider themselves lucky people.

WILLIAM DUHAINE, '49

AN EXAMINATION

Betsy reflected a moment, answered another question, and the exam was completed. It was the test being given to all students attempting to enter the state university on a four-year scholarship. Those receiving the five highest grades would enter the university in the fall with all tuition paid. Resolutely Betsy walked to the principal's large oak desk, and with determined hand, laid upon it the scholarship examination.

Soon she emerged from the school's imposing front door, arms full of books. Overhead a flock of crows floated lazily in the azure-blue sky. A

playful breeze caught her hair and blew it in her face, and the afternoon sun shone warmly on her bare arms.

"It's too beautiful to stay indoors. I'm going to the creek before going home," she said aloud to no one in particular.

She hurried along the highway, and at last reached a winding country lane. Her feet fairly flew as she raced down the dirt road, past the "widder's" shanty, past her father's cotton field, and on to a sandy creek, with its twisting path half hidden by trees. Casting her books aside, Betsy threw herself on the mossy bank beneath an old willow. Only the sounds of the bubbling stream and of the birds disturbed her day dreams.

"I tried so hard. I must have done well. In the fall I'll go to State. Then I'll be able to do what I want most in the world — to be a teacher."

The thought hardly occurred that she might not get the scholarship. She sat a moment longer, then with a sigh, gathered her books and headed toward home.

The days grew warmer, the weeks passed, and suddenly it was the second week in May. Then it was the day when the scholarship winners were to be announced. Betsy stayed after school that afternoon. Outside in the school yard the students noisily left for their respective homes. Inside, sitting in the principal's waiting room, Betsy nervously toyed with her pencil. She heard the door click shut and, looking up, saw the principal crossing the room. Her wide, dark eyes looked questioningly at him. Suddenly she knew. His expression told her.

"I did not do well?" she asked falteringly.

"Yes, Betsy, you did extremely well. It's just that you and someone else had the same grade, and were tied for fifth place. The unfairness of it sickens me, but I am powerless to do anything."

"In other words, I didn't get the scholarship because preference is always given to white folks?"

He nodded, and his kind face was sad.

With bowed head Betsy said thoughtfully, "I guess I've just had my first real lesson in growing up. Next time I'll know better than count on anything so much." She smiled bravely and walked proudly out of the open doors.

Betsy hurried to the old willow by the twisting stream, far away from prying eyes. Though her eyes stung, the tears did not fall. But every sinew of her body asked to lash out against the injustice of it all.

"Why was I born black? Why is my race persecuted? Why am I not treated like other people?" Her tortured heart cried out for an answer.

JILL DURAND, '50

A SUDDEN AWAKENING

During my junior year of high school I met a challenging event, the death of my mother. I had been a very happy girl with no cares and very few worries. I loved my mother very much, for she did everything possible to help me in life even when it meant great sacrifices on her part, which I had never realized until her death. I know that most people think that if a person doesn't cry and look sad he or she didn't care for the friend or loved one who has passed away. I sincerely believe this to be false. I had to wake-up and realize the new responsibilities coming at me from all sides. I knew that if I did not no one else would help for long. Something came over me that is difficult to explain to a person who has never had a similar experience.

My ideas suddenly turned to the future and I began to realize how a house is really run, the high cost of living, and the trust in God that is needed to keep a family happy and together. My greatest help of which I am proud is my trust in God concerning everything. Without my prayers I know that everything would appear confused and that I should never have been able to become adjusted to my new life.

A person never realizes how wonderful a mother is until she is gone but one has to go on for that is how life is. All one can do is to try hard to live up to one's good ideals in life, then things will always come out right I know.

MARY MURRAY, '49

"SWEET BY-AND-BY"

Over the door of the little shop hung the weather-worn sign, "Town Pharmacy:—Joseph F. Webster, Proprietor." The man who had been standing outside, straining his ears to catch the faint sounds of music coming from within, finally entered. As his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the dismal shop, he saw two men standing near a dirt-stained window playing their musical instruments. The minister recognized the violinist as Joe Webster and the harmonica player as Herman, Joe's friend. Both were among his most faithful parishioners.

"That was beautiful, boys," said the minister at length, after the two had stopped playing.

The voice brought the two men back to earth.

"Why, Parson," said a small, thin man advancing toward his friend, "what can I do for you today?"

"Well," said the minister, "I was passing your shop when I heard that music. What's that you're playing?"

Joe explained to the minister that he had composed the song some time before and that now he and Herman were practicing it.

From that day on, Joe Webster's hymn became

popular, that is, in his own town. He composed words for the music so that the church choir could sing it. He was urged to find a publisher for his hymn.

With that thought in mind, he left his town and friends and went out into the cold, gray world to find a publisher. St. Louis, Chicago, New York, all were dismal failures. Would his piece never see the dawn of success? Finally, to a small publishing firm in Boston, Joseph Webster sold his hymn for five dollars.

Torn with grief and misery, Joe returned home only to die. Joseph Webster, the little pharmacist, didn't live to see the flames of success leap and envelop his hymn and brighten the churches with a truly American hymn.

Those in that fair town in South Carolina, who still remember Joe Webster, let their gaze linger on the little pharmacy with its weather-beaten sign and murmur a strain of the hymn he wrote, "In the sweet-by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore."

HERMINE FLIEGE, '50

SOLILOQUY ON MEMORY

Memory is a wonderful mechanism. It retains for us in its chambers, a million of the precious minutes of the past that, without its intervention, should have shone like the fitful gleam of a firefly at dusk, and then slipped away into the vaults of the eternal, never to be regained — never even to be sought.

When we look backward through the window of memory, we see the past shining with matchless radiance, shining in an aura of foam and brilliance beside which one can place no present experience, no future dream or expectation, and hope to match it in luster. Men look backward through the veil of memory and exclaim, "Things aren't what they used to be!" Longer they stare at the images of the past, writhing before their mind like fluorescent worms on black silk, then they look at us with the variegated bubbles still bursting in their eyes and make this pronouncement: "You don't know it, but this is the best time of your lives."

"The best time of your lives." They say this with a faint smile playing just beyond the horizon of their consciousness, as if deriving an inward satisfaction from the doom that they are so calmly and coldly laying at our feet, or perhaps, as if pitying themselves for the misfortunes and burdens which fate has bestowed upon them and which as they look back through the veil of memory they do not see in the past.

Perhaps, when I am old, I, too, shall focus my

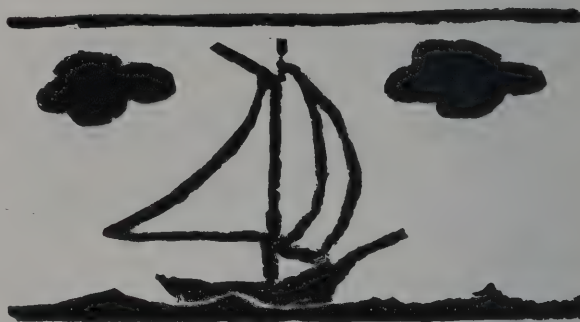
gaze into the past, to Abington High School and to the pranks and jokes and carefree laughter, the fellowship and the fun, and the friendly teachers. Perhaps I shall, but if I do, I humbly pray that some force more powerful than I will seal my lips before I can pity myself and dismay the youngsters of the present in that single, age-old condemnation, and that it will remove the whipped cream and gingerbread from before my eyes and let me, too, see the worry and unrest, the ceaseless days and weeks and bleak months of drudgery, the homework and the detentions; then, perhaps, I shall know that each age has its fears and frolics, its successes and its follies, and that Memory is but a fickle nymph that flies before and enchants and sings and makes vigorous, potential youth into cynical, arid men and women.

GEORGE ROBERTSON, '49

A MOVIE IN THE MAKING PLUS FISHING

On a normal February morning back in 1945 I awoke with a start, as the warm Florida sun shone brightly through my bedroom window. Soon I was up, dressed, and eating my breakfast. I could not, however, concentrate on food, for this was to be one of the most exciting days since my arrival in Florida. This was the day of my big fishing trip.

After breakfast, the minutes seemed like hours until finally my two chums phoned to request me to be ready for their father, who would pick me up in his car in a few minutes. It wasn't long before he arrived, and we left immediately for the Miami Boat Basin.



We soon arrived at the boat basin and climbed aboard the thirty-two foot power fishing boat "Pompano". Immediately the captain started the engines, and we left the boat basin and went into Biscayne Bay, the inner part of which is really Miami Harbor. The bay is a very beautiful one, extending between Miami and Miami Beach and

then south to the Atlantic Ocean. There are many islands and keys on this bay. It was at the Virginia Keys that the moving picture, "They Were Expendable," was then being made.

Immediately after leaving the harbor, we began trolling for mackerel. Then the captain suggested that we might take a close look at Shark Island where Columbia Pictures Inc. were producing the picture. Soon as everyone became more interested in Shark Island than fishing, the captain of the "Pompano" agreed to take us in for a close look at the island.

Shark Island had been built up with docks and other installations for the production of the picture. Close to the shore there had been built a village to represent a Philippine Island fishing village which was used as a base of operation for navy P.T. boats. While we were about the island a navy tug steamed out to ocean, towing an old navy gunboat. Then the movie boats loaded with cameras and other photographic equipment followed the tug out. The captain then decided that the navy must be preparing a scene for the movie, so he followed the tug.

Later the gunboat was set in position and the P.T. boats made a fake attack on the vessel and the gunboat automatically blew up. While all this was going on, the movie boats were busily photographing this scene for the picture.

After this we continued fishing and as usual in Florida we had very good luck. We caught seventy-five pounds of game fish, two of which were red snappers weighing twenty pounds each.

Along toward five o'clock we headed homeward after a highly exciting day part of which we had spent in fishing and part in watching the filming of a movie.

WILLIAM CROOK, '51

OH, WELL!

I cannot play,
I cannot sing,
But I can try
Like anything!

NANCY SLAYTER, '53



LIFE at

In pursuing a course in Problems of Democracy, we were obliged to study a chapter involving the correct forms of etiquette to be followed at all times. When we were asked what forms of recreation we enjoyed, many diverse answers resulted and among these were dancing. From the back of the room sounded a low masculine voice grumbling, irritably. Suddenly it boomed out with, "And what if you don't like dancing?" Looking very unconcerned, Mr. Morey replied, "Just make pleasant conversation, and hold your partner while she dances."

LOIS GNONG, '49

* * * *

My girl friend and I were sitting in study hall watching the snowflakes swirling and twisting, then falling to the earth. The snow was already quite deep and there seemed little chance of its stopping before the close of school.

"Gee," whispered my friend "it's lucky you wore your old shoes today. You won't feel so bad getting them wet."

With a smile I answered "Old shoes. I'm afraid they're my only shoes."

BRIDGET RUMKA, '49

* * * *

One day as I was walking down the corridor, I saw a boy looking bewildered, in front of a locker, and asked him what the matter might be.

Said he, "My friend, I was walking to my locker to get some books for English. I opened the locker and looked in. There were my books, my coat, and all my school materials."

"What is wrong with that?" I asked. He replied, "It wasn't my locker."

DAVID SPRAGUE, '52

* * * *

If it weren't for P. D. Class, our life at A. H. S. would be very ordinary indeed. Just recently our class discussed manners. Our instructor said this: "The lady should always precede the gentleman when going through a door." One of the intelligentsia of the class came forth with this choice remark, "What if it's closed?"

JACQUELINE RICH, '49

Everybody in the high school had to be x-rayed. About fourth period the freshmen's turn came. Before we went in we received a little yellow card on which was black printing. On the upper right hand corner were the letters m and f. John Wallent, woman-hater, who saw these letters, thought they meant "married" or "free."

DANNY LYNCH, '52

* * * *

Wednesday after Wednesday in Abington High School, we salute the flag and listen to the "Star Spangled Banner." A year or so of this procedure became rather monotonous to some of our more lively students. To break the monotony, they decided to alter the labels of the records in the office. Imagine Mr. Frolio's surprise as well as everyone else's when, according to custom he announced the "Star Spangled Banner" and as we all stood, the latest boogie-woogie record blared forth over the loud-speaker.

BARBARA MORIARTY, '49

* * * *

There goes that five of two bell telling us that last period study with our favorite Latin teacher is over. Everyone rushes madly to get his books together and to get out of study. Suddenly, "Sit down! Keep quiet! Open your books, and don't move until I tell you to!" A steady babbling continues throughout the hall. Then, "The whole study hall will remain in their seats at two o'clock and make up the time wasted!" A death-wind seems to sweep by. It is so quiet one can hear a pin drop. Soon everyone's being let out on good behavior.

SONJA CORNELIUSSEN, '52

* * * *

"Get goin', you little squirt! I ain't got all day," said Big Joe, who was making a mad dash for the cafeteria. He flew out of room 16 and dashed the length of the hall in two seconds flat. He bounded down the stairs in four leaps and left one eighth grader hanging to the banister for dear life. He made the landing on the second flight of stairs in one leap, then dashed down the rest of the stairs into the cafeteria. He made a bee-line for the lunch line and shoved an eighth grader out of place.

"Who do you think you are?" said a little

A H S.

freshman.

"Beat it, squirt."

"Hey, Joe," yelled his buddy, "Mr. Bolduc wants to see you."

"Oh, crumb!"

"What did he say Joe?"

"Oh, I've got to wait till everyone gets his lunch before I get mine. He gave me an hour too. Gee! You can't do nuthin' 'round here."

RICHARD MURPHY, '50

* * * *

A very irate Mr. Gianoulis spoke to his class, "I want you to pay attention to me!" he said. He pounded on Ann Merrill's desk for emphasis.

The next day a very calm Mr. Gianoulis apologized to the class for being angry, and to Ann for breaking the cookies in her lunch bag.

JOANNE REYNOLDS, '52

* * * *

In the senior English class one bright and cheerful morn the teacher requested that one of her star pupils in the back of the room conjugate the verb *do*. With the help of his neighbor he got as far as *he does*. I guess he didn't quite understand the first person plural because the next verb was *we didn't*. I think the teachers of the English department are still trying to decide where he learned such a verb.

EARL BLOCK, '49

* * * *

Mr. Morey will always get his man. Afternoons Mr. Morey would be found in the local hangouts looking for his detention students. He usually caught them and made them walk back to school, while he zoomed back in his car and waited for them.

PEGGY LYNCH, '49

* * * *

During our sophomore year, Miss Bailey had the almost impossible task of teaching us the angles and arcs of plane geometry. Like most classes we were a great deal more interested in the angles of the latest school than in geometric angles. As a result, it became a common habit for us to whisper to our neighbor whenever Miss Bailey chanced

to turn her back. As it happened I had been given a seat near the rear of the room directly in front of Tommy Strange and I often sat sideways in my seat in order to hear about the last "angles" of the school news. One day I was busily talking to Tommy when from the front of the room came words I shall never forget, "Well, well, I see we have love in bloom at the back of the room. If you are so much interested in Tommy, Maureen, I'll see that a seat is placed next to his so that you can hold hands without disturbing the class." The room filled with laughter as I turned quickly toward the front of the room. I never again had the courage to talk during geometry class.

MAUREEN TOBIN, '49

* * * *

One day the P. D. Class was discussing the causes of wars as a means of preventing further conflicts. The war of Jacobs Ear was the subject of the conversation. Mr. Morey asked if merely cutting off a man's ear would be just reason for a nation to go to war. A member of the class replied, "If someone cut off my ear, I would certainly feel like fighting."

FAY BURNS, '49

* * * *

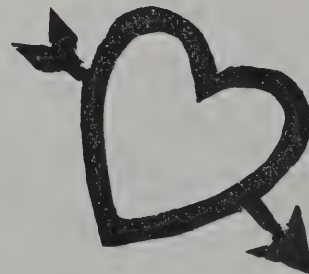
My life in Abington High School has been a fairly happy one, for I have had some of my best times with the students in my class. Oh, yes, it has sometimes been a hard drive to keep up with my studies, but I have managed to do so, and I can say with a clear conscience that I have enjoyed most of my time here. It isn't always easy for a person to take the work in stride. I feel that my "Life in A. H. S." has made me capable of going out into the world and obtaining a position by which I can earn my living. Satisfaction and joy are the rewards. Attainment is the reward of hard work and joy the reward of attainment.

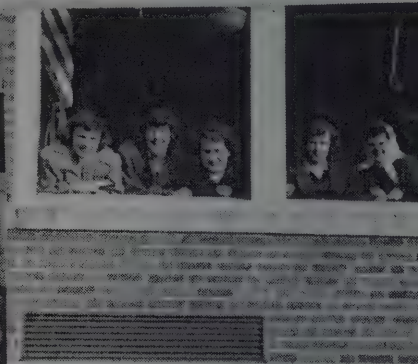
MERILYN CURTIS, '49

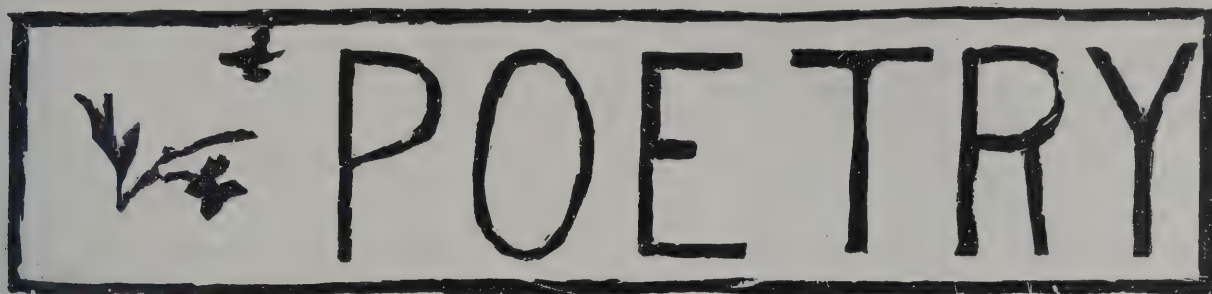
* * * *

As I struggle to digest that last, endless bite, a group of excited boys and girls gather around the jive hit of the school. Another daily battle has begun as to what record shall be played. The precious minutes are flying by. Finally the arguing crowd clears away as the jazz-jive spins off the platter. The disgusted boys slouch on the bleachers, reluctantly gazing at the noonday hop. The girls have won again, as usual.

JANET HULTMAN, '49







POETRY



AN APRIL SHOWER

The heavens, sunny, bright and clear,
Grew dreary, dark, and dim,
While clouds that danced across the sky
Looked black and cold and grim.

The silver rain began to fall
On valley, hill, and glen.
The flowers raised their drooping heads
To proudly bloom again.

The bunnies scurried through the brush,
The deer through forest lane,
And all the creatures of the wood
Found shelter from the rain.

The shower ceased, while parting clouds
Revealed the sun on high.
A rainbow arched in soft array
Across the eastern sky.

JOAN DOHERTY, '49

SPRING

Of all God's glorious wonders
The one I love the best
Is the breath of Spring
Upon Earth's barren breast.

Spring spreads her rays of sunlight
O'er every flower and tree,
That we beneath His throne may share
His loveliest mystery.

As if awakening from the grave
Earth sheds her cloak of gray;
The air is filled with golden hues
Where little sunbeams play.

The trees as if in silent prayer
Raise their arms on high;
Clothed in green of every shade,
They arch into the sky.

Each year sweet Spring is born again
With beauty unsurpassed;
Always seemingly to be
Lovelier than the last.

O, could there be a better way
For God to show His love
Than by giving humanity a glimpse
Of His wondrous realm above!

ANN MCGOWAN, '49

THE SEASHORE

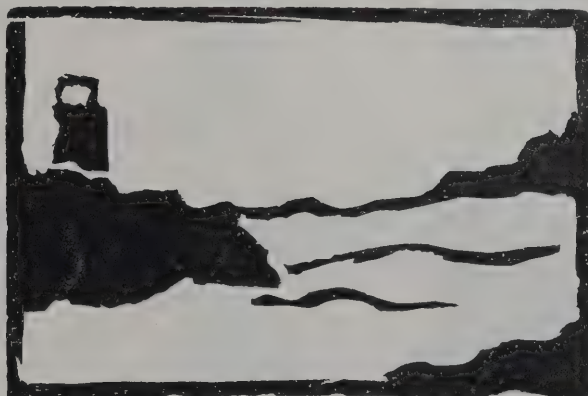
Did you ever walk by the seashore
On a fragrant summer's eve,
And listen to the music
That the incoming breakers weave?

Have you seen that moon like a lighthouse
That sends its delicate beams,
Shining out on the water
In dainty, silvery streams?

Have you seen those stars that twinkle
Like a million lovely eyes
And wondered what their secrets are?
They seem so old and wise!

Have you felt the breeze caress your cheek
And whisper in your ear,
"How can the world be so upset?
It is so peaceful here?"

JOANNE RICH, '52



NIGHT-TIME WONDERLAND

The waves ripple along the distant shore,
 As the sun deserts the skies once more.
 Then through the stillness of the night
 The moon comes up so big and bright.
 The leaves all rustle in the trees,
 Stirred by the early night-time breeze.
 The moon lights up the countryside
 And the ocean so deep and wide.
 There on the beach the glistening sand
 Adds charm to this night-time wonderland.

DAVID STEPHENSON, '52



THE ANGORA SWEATER

The stag-line followed with its eyes
 The winsome blond in white
 But still she wasn't quite the belle
 She could have been that night.
 Her sweater of angora fuzz
 Was beautiful to see,
 But if a fellow dared to dance with her
 Oh, what a sight he'd be!

BRADFORD GILMAN, '50.



A MIRACLE

I looked in a florist's window one spring day
 Where red tulips, yellow jonquils, pink
 hyacinths, and white lilies
 Stood in all their beauty gay.
 What miracle!
 Only God could bring forth such rare life.

Scarcely a month before
 In some dark cellar unnoticed
 These same brown, unattractive, lifeless bulbs
 Held all their beauty — unrevealed —
 Waiting patiently to give it to the world.

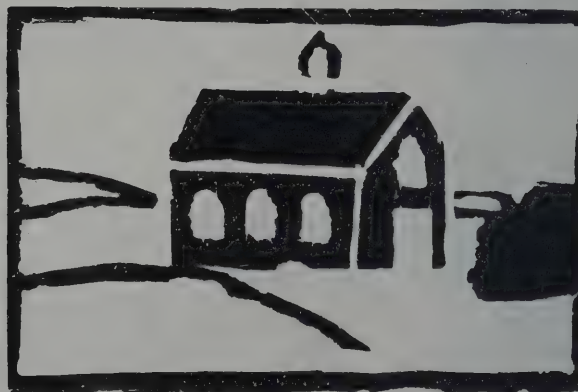
Quick I thought of Easter morning
 When from a dark tomb unobserved
 Our Lord walked forth in a garden —
 The Miracle of the resurrection:
 Thus from death comes life.

PAULA McKEOWN, '50

INTERLUDE

From the spire bells call clearly,
 The open door invites us in.
 We enter, for we really
 Seek retreat from sin.

The sun streams in through open window
 Upon bowed heads inside;
 Then, we on bended knee below,
 Ask our Maker to provide.



While the organ peals its praise
 All worldly cares retire,
 And grateful is the hymn we raise
 To join the earthly choir.

Then suddenly the service over,
 The benediction said,
 We leave, all for the moment better,
 Some later to be misled.

Although we enter once again
 The sinful world we sought to leave,
 Gone is our sense of stress and strain,
 For we know God, and we believe.

JILL DURLAND, '50

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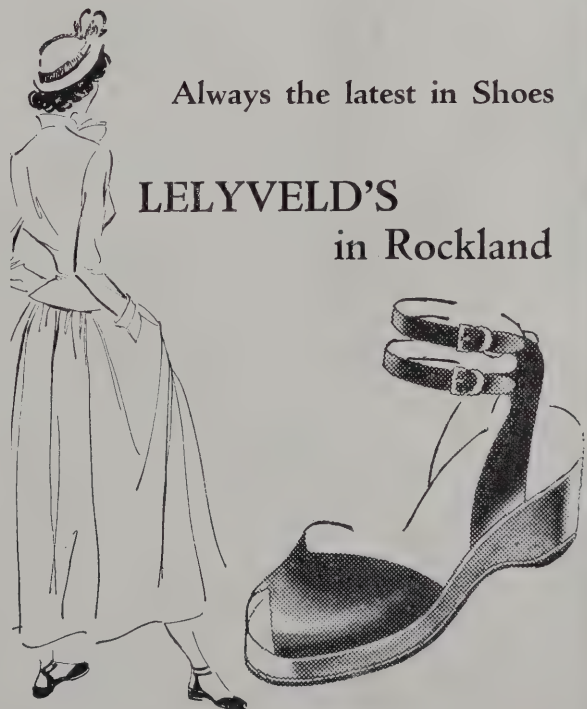
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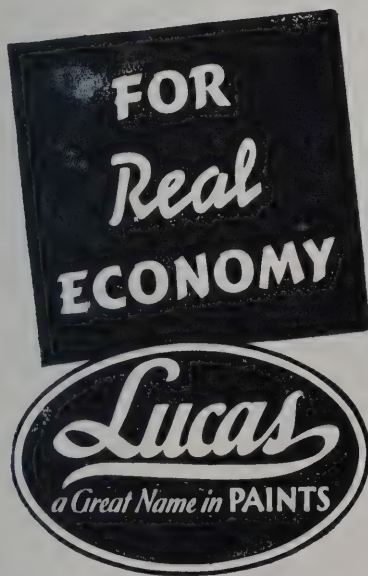
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-53

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in A. H. S. I hope
to see you in the
movies someday
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To a swell friend
best of luck
Charlie Taylor

To a swell
friend
with
a love
H. J. 11

Forever yours
Alice 51

Best of luck
Betty

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best of luck
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girl"
"peter"

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with the
best sense of
humor I
know
Pat "50"

M. B. A.
(with big kisses always)
Diane

a. v. s.
Best of luck to the
best kid in the class
Katherine Conn

Autographs

hope you have
fun in your junior year.
Diane

To a swell kid
Jim Keller Jan.

To Kathy and her
pink pills
Love
Mac

Good luck
To a swell classmate
Kelen Andrews
"49"

John W. Baldwin

To a fellow Freshman
Diane "50"

Best of luck
Diane
"50"

of the "English"
Lackie

To a room home
Pat Katie
Barb

To a crackeryack English
student

To the actress
and her
kind in the
room.

Dick Merrill

"Bob." To a Skmot
from one
Paula
50

To a
D. H. S.
Chicago
Diane

To Kate
Best of everything to
a wonderful, bold +
clever who is
my friend

To a great gal +
wonderful talker!

John A. Giannini

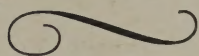
To a very swell
excellent sis. treas.

Bernice

Luis Perry

*Is the best treasure we've had yet,
Our Carol*

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